

HARDWARE.

FRANK B. DAVIS & CO.,
(Successors to Shepherdson & Davis)
BRADFORD, VERMONT.
GENERAL DEALERS IN
IRON,
STEEL,
COAL,
SEEDS,
GLASS,
DRILLING,
FISH, LARD,
BUTTER and PORK.
20,000 pounds Nova Scotia Grand Bones, just
received from F. B. DAVIS & CO.

THE CELEBRATED PRIZE CHURN, can be
found at
F. B. DAVIS & CO.

CARPENTERS who can find tools of every
description at the lowest rates from the
best manufacturers, both Foreign and Amer-
ican, at
F. B. DAVIS & CO.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, Blacksmith's Ma-
terial of every description, Horse Shoes, Ties,
Corks, Horse Saws, Mangle's, Nuts, Washers,
Bolts, &c. We make a specialty of German
Glass and Builders' Materials of every descrip-
tion. Orders solicited, which will receive our
special attention.

PALMER'S Springs and Fisherville, Alaska,
a
Also a good stock of
CORN, SPICES,
RAISINS, GROCERIES,
&c., &c.

A Good Dairy Farm for Sale.
I will sell at private sale, my FARM, pleas-
antly located on the Creek Road near East Barton,
containing 100 acres of excellent land, well
fenced, one of the best springs in Orleans county
running to house, barn, good neighbors; a good
yard on the premises, buildings good, a nice
house and splendid horse barn, a good school
near by, also, a large sugar bush, 600
bushels and sugar house, pans and holders, all
in good order. Said farm will keep to come and
the year round; also, a good quality of
fruit trees. This farm is known as the Fairbank
Farm. Also, hay, grain, farming tools, sugar
trees and stock with the farm.
J. H. WILLIAMS, May 29.

WOOL CARDING.
All those having wool which they wish to have
manufactured into rolls, can have it done so at
East Barton, Vt., on short notice, and in a
workmanlike manner.
J. H. WILLIAMS, May 29.

LATEST WINTER NOVELTIES.
MARY P. WOODMAN, Barton, Vt.
Has just opened an unusually brilliant stock of
DESIRABLE MILLINERY GOODS.
Complete in every particular. Bonnets, Hats,
Ribbons, Laces, Velvets, Silks, Flowers, &c.,
every style and quality, together with Trim-
mings, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c., &c.,
and takes pleasure in present-
ing to the Ladies of Barton
and vicinity, precisely the same
kind of stock to select from the most fa-
shionable milliners in New York and Boston,
at all reasonable prices.

ALEXANDER & MASON,
(C. M. Alexander, late of J. M. Mason, Vt.)
(J. M. Mason, late of C. M. Alexander, Vt.)
and ex-Post Master of Washington, D. C.,
SUCCESSORS OF
AMERICAN & EUROPEAN PATENT
AND
COUNSELLORS AT PATENT LAW,
(10 years experience as Solicitors of Patents.)
459 Seventh Street, Opposite the Patent Office.

Papers carefully prepared, and Patents care-
fully prosecuted. Examination in the Patent Office free of charge,
and no fee for the Patent Office fee, unless a
Patent is secured. Send for Circular of terms, instructions and
references.

LOOK! LOOK!!
A small lot of Domestic Dry Goods on hand,
and a splendid stock of Groceries and Meats—
Call and get a barrel of
Barton, Aug. 28, 1869.

JUST OPENED THIS DAY
AT
HALL & CARPENTER'S
HALLS,
new invoice of
Poplin Alpaca

For 35 cents per yard. Delivered at 18
cents per yard. For the old price of 12-1-2
cents per yard. Also a
FULL LINE OF
AMERICAN
ENGLISH,
BLACK and
GOLD MIXED
REPELLANTS,
purchased since the recent
GREAT DECLINE
in price in market.
November 13, 1869.

MILLINERY! MILLINERY!!
Just received from Boston a large stock of
Millinery Goods, consisting of
Hats, Frames,
Ribbons, Flowers,
Feathers, Velvets,
Lace, Velvet Ribbon,
and small wares; all of the latest styles.
Dress & Cloak making in the best style.
Also a new
SINGER SEWING MACHINE
for \$55, each, as agent also \$60 for 1, will
sell cheaper than any other place. I will
also have on hand and to order, all the
SA. A. STEPHENS,
Burlington, Vt.

TAKE HEED.
All accounts due the Subscriber for black
smith work that are not settled in the month
of December will be left in other hands for col-
lection. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
North Craftsbury, Nov. 16, 1869.
CHARLES I. VAIL, Attorney, Bounty and
Claim Agent, Burlington, Vt.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

A. & J. L. TWOMBLY
Have just received a large assortment of the best
Family Flour, which can be had at a small dis-
count from cost.
They have also a good stock of
FISH, LARD,
BUTTER and PORK.

Also a good stock of
CORN, SPICES,
RAISINS, GROCERIES,
&c., &c.

A splendid lot of
TEAS

which were sure will please. Also, Carpenter's
and Joiner's Tools of every description always
on hand.

Also a large assortment of
HARDWARE.

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The Doctor's Story.

A TALE OF CRUSHING SORROW.

I never quite knew how I came to
settle in Atlanta. A few of us delib-
erately chose our lot. Fate, Chance,
Circumstance—provide for us, and we
quietly slip into grooves that seem to
have been channelled out for in the
times gone, and move onward. Free-
will, foreordination—foreknowledge,
unalterable destiny—well, we will
not stop to discuss these questions
now. They have vexed stronger
brains than yours or mine, and we
must be content to let them pass un-
solved.

Nevertheless, it is a mystery to me
how I have happened to spend two-
thirds of a long life in this little town
of Atlanta—high up among the moun-
tains; out of reach, until a compar-
atively recent day, of railroads and tele-
graphs; far removed from the world
of culture, of books, of men; away
from the whirl, the stir, the bustle,
the eager, impulsive, engrossing life
that I should once have thought
was the only life worthy to be lived.

But—Marion had loved the quiet,
secluded spot; and when she left me
after our one short year of wedded
 bliss, I simply stayed on, loath to
leave the hills, the woods, the streams,
the skies, that had been hallowed by
her presence. Not to spend my days
in vain ramblings, or to fold my hands
in dreamy idleness, I led a thoughtful,
yet busy life, and at length, as time
denuded the keener of my anguish,
and the turf thickened upon her grave,
a life that grew full and rich. A thou-
sand close and endearing ties sprang
up—may, grew up between me and
the plain, honest hearted people about
me. They brought me love, and I
gave them love in return. Life is not
necessarily of the best gifts; she will
not turn us away empty-handed, if we
come to her with arms outstretched,
and let her choose for us the benefac-
tors she is ready to bestow. But,
she seldom allows us to choose for
ourselves. Is it that she is wiser than
we, and knows our needs better than
we can know them?

Yet I felt that my life was greatly
enriched when the railroad was built,
and the quarries were opened, and
Dudley Randolph, with his fair wife
and three lovely children, came into
Atlanta. It had long been known
that the old Randolph farm was rich
in marble. But it held all the
bosom, it would have revealed itself
to the owners, so long as there was
no mode of transporting it from its moun-
tain bed to the populous cities, where
the living and the dead alike awaited
its coming. With the laying of the
iron track, however, and the shrill
shriek of the engine, there dawned
a new day for these hills and valleys.
Dudley Randolph, in the distant city,
where he lived, heard faintly the dull
thunder of the blast, the clinking
of the drills, the monotonous grating
of the saws, and, closing up his mer-
cantile business, he came back to the
hills, to live, to see, for himself, if
gold were indeed hidden in the blocks
of marble, just beneath the surface
of the pastures where his grandfather's
cows had grazed.

Right over yonder, between that
clump of maples and the big elm, you
can see the ruins of the house be-
lieved to be a house whose quiet, unpretend-
ing elegance did not put to shame
humbler neighbors, nor exalt its own
pretensions at the expense of theirs.
It seemed to grow out of the soil, and
to belong to the scenery as truly as
did the surrounding hills, and the giant
boulders that had been beaten upon
by the storms of centuries.

I don't know if I can make you under-
stand what that home, with its book-
shelves, its music, its flowers, its
atmosphere of refinement, became to
me. A quiet, commonplace country
doctor, I had almost forgotten how
much wealth, in the hands of taste
and culture, can add to the beauty of
living, and how much hope to the
heart in fitting words of strength
and joy and companionship I found in
the society of Dudley and Isabel Ran-
dolph. With the exception of the
minister, I had been the only liberally
educated man in the little town, and
in more than one sense, I had been
alone, until their coming opened the
door of a new life.

Not at once, however. My long
seclusion from society had made me
somewhat shy and reserved. I did
not seek them, neither did they seek
me. Little Ethel, the youngest child,
was sick.

It was a case of croup—its first
visit to their family. For many hours
the child's life lay in the balance.
More than once my heart failed me
while I fought Death single handed.
But at last, when hope was well nigh
dead, sudden relief came.

"She will live," I said quietly.
"The danger is over, Mrs. Randolph."
That night of quiet and rest, which
brought us nearer together than
years of ordinary intercourse might
have done, and from that hour the
country doctor took his place in the
family as a chosen friend, an ever wel-
come guest.

It was a long time—so charmed
was I by the scene, the purity, the
apparent blessedness of that home—
before I perceived that, after all, it
had its skeleton. Perhaps I might
not have perceived it even then, had
I not been a physician as well as
friend. Doctors grow keen sighted
as they grow older. They learn, if
they are men of clear insight, to dis-
cern spirit as well as matter, to read
soul as well as body. I learned at
last that Isabel Randolph, in spite of
her beautiful home, her noble husband,
her lovely children, was not a happy
woman. The knowledge came to me
by slow degrees. Not through any
confidence of hers; for she was not
one of the weak women who are for-
ever babbling of their own sorrows,
and she was not given to tears or
sighing. It came to me through the
sudden pallor of her cheeks, through
the whitening of her lips, through the
strange stillness that sometimes set-
tled down upon her when all around
her were glad and gayest. I read
it in her eyes—that were now light,
now dark, according to her mood—
Sometimes when I met them they

seemed to wear a hunted, frightened
look, as of an animal chased by eager
foes. Sometimes they were simply
the eyes of one who was weary of
some long conflict, or of the bearing
of some heavy burden, and again they
seemed clouded by haunting memo-
ries.

She became a mystery to me—an
embodied riddle. I wondered if Dud-
ley Randolph saw what I saw—that
the shadow of some great grief rose
up between him and the wife of his
bosom—a dark, formless thing, im-
pervious, but real. I wondered, if, when
she lay within his arms, and his kisses
were warm upon her lips, he felt
that any veil dropped down between
his soul and her soul.

Yet she loved him. I have been a
reader of hearts too long to doubt
that. Love, like fire, will betray its
self. He had no rivals, not even in
his children.

Of these children I have told you
nothing. Clyde, the eldest, a noble
boy of ten years, bore a most striking
resemblance to his mother. He had
her large, soulful eyes, her auburn
hair, her clear complexion, her pure,
white forehead, with the bounding
network of blue veins on the temples.
Partly for this reason, perhaps, he
was his father's special pet. Mr. Ran-
dolph loved all his children; but
Clyde, his first-born, was his idol—
The two were inseparable; they rode
together; they walked together. At
the quarry, at the mill, at the office,
in the school, or by the trout
brook—wherever Mr. Randolph was,
there was Clyde.

"Say, Squire, have you taken that
young chap into partnership yet?"
said old farmer Boyd, with a sly
smile, one day, as he met the two on
their way to the quarry. "Seems to
me he ought to know how to run the
concern by this time. I see him fol-
low on after you or holdin' on to
you after pretty high every time I go
by here."

Mr. Randolph laughed.
"Yes, Clyde and I are partners—
Aren't we Clyde?" He does all the
work, and I have all the fun." And
the two went on their way rejoicing.

Wallace was the youngest child,
a roguish, several years younger than
his brother, always laughing, and always
in mischief. Ethel was a wee win-
some darling of three summers—a
bewitching little creature, all smiles
and blazes, and pretty, womanly ways.

How I loved that child! How I loved
all of them in fact. The joy of child-
hood had been denied me. But, as
the months lengthened into years, I
grew to have a very fatherly tenderness
toward the children of my friend
Dudley Randolph.

You can judge, then—for I can never
tell you—of the anguish of heart
which I awoke one day to the
consciousness of my nature, and the
two youngest, were slipping away
from me; slipping out of our arms,
even while, with all the yearning ago-
ny of love, we were striving to retain
our hold upon them. They had the
scarlet fever in its very midst form.

This startled me a little. But I was
too much accustomed to such things
to be thrown off my guard.
"You are not dying," I said. "You
have no disease about you. You are
weak, and have a touch of the blues.
You must take you to the seaside.
You must shake your head."

"You know you are not telling the
truth, doctor. See here! and she
held up her thin transparent hand—
How long will that be above the sod?
Put your hand here. How long will
it take to wear out a heart that beats
at this rate? Doctor, I do not want
to live, so do not hinder your con-
science with falsehood on my part."

There was an unnatural hardness
in her voice—a steely gleam in the
eyes that were wont to be so soft and
tender. Presently I said:
"I cannot minister to a mind dis-
eased," Mrs. Randolph. If you will
die, you will. But it is some hidden
grief that is wearing your life out. It
is no heart disease, or other bodily
ailment that is beyond cure."

She cast one quick, startled glance
at my face; then covered her eyes
with her hands. I watched her silently—
watched her with a wordless grief
upon me. Suddenly she turned
toward me, stretching out both her
hands with an eager, passionate ges-
ture, while great tears raised from her
eyes.

"O my friend!" she cried, "I must
speak. I thought to have carried my
heavy burden to the grave with me.
But it oppresses, it oppresses me. I
cannot rest, I cannot sleep, I cannot
eat. I must speak. I must speak."
I took both her hands in mine, and
strove to soothe her into calmness—
I trembled before the spirit I had evoked.
But she only cried the more.

"I must speak, I have borne this
weighty silence so long, so long!"
Looking out of the window, I saw
Mrs. Randolph and myself at their
pleasant library talking, as we often
talked of the deep things of life and
death. By some means we got round
at last to the confessional of the Ro-
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what would it avail us, if you should
acknowledge that sin under the seal
of the confessional?"
I sat where I could see Isabel Ran-
dolph's face. It grew white as ashes
in the dusky twilight.

"I would avail nothing to you,"
she said, "but it might avail much to
me. I can imagine cases where con-
fession—the dropping at another's
feet of a life long burden—would be
a joy beyond all other joys, but where
duty and self-abnegation forbid it.
The punishment of sin may sometimes
be the impossibility of confession."

I was studying the woman curi-
ously. Was she dealing in glittering
generalities, or was she hiding in her
own bosom some deadly secret that
was poisoning her life? I could not
tell. But I gave utterance to the
thought that came uppermost.

"You are right, Mr. Randolph. It
seems to me that sometimes silence
concealing an error committed, a
wrong done, may be the only repa-
ration in our power. Under some cir-
cumstances, silence may be the truest
heroism. It may mean the bearing of
our own burdens; confession may
mean a cowardly seeking for relief—
a shifting of at least a part of the
burden to another's shoulders."

A ghost of a smile hovered about
her mouth for an instant.
"Sometimes, if speech is silver, sil-
ence is golden," she said. Then, as
she left the room, she added, lightly:
"Doctor, when I turn Catholic, you
shall be my father confessor. Good
night."

For the next fortnight I was very
busy. Some sort of an epidemic was
prevailing among the querrymen, and
I had scarcely a moment's leisure.
My usual visit at the Elms had been
prevented by laboring day and night.
But one day a little twisted note was
brought to me. It contained only these
words:

"Come to me if you can, doctor.
I need you."
I went immediately, and was usher-
ed into Mrs. Randolph's dressing
room. She lay upon a lounge, was
looking very pale. The last two
weeks had wrought a marvellous
change in her. I crossed the room
hurriedly, and took her hand.

"You are ill," I said. "Why have
you not sent for me before? What
has Randolph been thinking of?"
"You have been so busy," she an-
swered. "Is the sickness lasting?"
"Yes," I said. "I am sorry to hear
about that now. What is the matter
with you? That is the question under
consideration. You should have sent
for me before."

"Really I am not so much worse
than I have been," she replied, "only
I am more exhausted than usual."
Besides, you cannot help me,
Dr. Bellenger."

"Pshaw! not help you? Why not?
Do not go to being low spirited now,
or to undervaluing my professional
skill. Why can't I help you? I should
like to know?"

"Because I am dying, Dr. Bellenger."
This startled me a little. But I was
too much accustomed to such things
to be thrown off my guard.

"You are not dying," I said. "You
have no disease about you. You are
weak, and have a touch of the blues.
You must take you to the seaside.
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